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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 615.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE SHOE LANE BARBERS.

"I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the recent political crisis must have seriously affected Poor Papa's brain; nothing less, I am convinced, would have caused him to embark in a speculation which must bring down awful penalties upon his hoary head, and ruin and dishonour on his family. How many victims Papa and that hateful Mr. Moses have contrived to blackmail, I don't know: but Uncle Boffin, who walked into the new establishment the other day for a shave, tells me he barely escaped with his life. I am hourly in expectation of my wretched parent's arrest."—TOOTSIE.

ONE TO HIM.

NAUGHTY MAN!

A FLASH IN THE PAN.



"You're a dreadful nuisance, Adolphus! you ought to go out and join the Boers." "No, thank you, Matilda; I'm—hem!—joined to one already, worse luck!"



She. Anyway, my past has not been a deserted waste, Lord Turling. His Lordship (incorrigible). W-a-i-s-t! No; how could it be!—such a charming one.

ON November 19th, 1828, Mrs. Warrington, a middle-aged lady, the wife of the Rev. William Warrington, of Grove Cottage, West Moulsey, was sitting up late at night writing some letters in their bed-room (Mr. Warrington being in the same room asleep in bed), when she was terrified by a sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. "Good God!" she cried, "there are thieves in the house."

It is rather a startling event nowadays when burglars break into your domicile, but not quite as bad as it was sixty years ago, for then housebreaking was a hanging matter, and if accompanied by murder the punishment of the offender was no worse.

Mr. Warrington, awakened by his wife's cries, had just time to spring from the bed and run in his shirt to the mantelpiece, "where he kept constantly a loaded pistol, before four villains entered the chamber. He seized the pistol, levelled it at one of the thieves, and pulled the trigger without effect. The next man who entered the room, a dark, ferocious fellow, however, in turn drew from under his coat a pistol, and presented it at Mr. Warrington. The villain pulled the trigger, but the powder did not ignite. He re-cocked it, and pulled it a second time, and it flashed in the pan."

This is a lively picture of the good old "deadly weapons" that didn't go off. A dashing highwayman in those days drove up to a carriage, and in tones of thunder bade the

inmates "stand and deliver." They objected to do so, and he pulled the trigger and nothing happened. On the top of this, perhaps somebody inside the carriage produced another pistol and shot the highwayman by accident.

Mrs. Warrington fell on her knees and implored the robbers not to murder her husband, but to take what they chose. They made no reply, but, producing some cords, tied Mr. and Mrs. Warrington's hands and feet, and cautioned them to be silent if they valued their lives. They then proceeded upstairs to the servant's bed-room, and bound two women they found there. They afterwards carried them downstairs to a damp, cold cellar, where they secured them and fastened the door, leaving them with scarcely any clothing on their bodies.

They then returned to Mr. Warrington's bed-room, searched his clothes and broke open his desks and drawers—and, in fact, ransacked the house completely. They took cash to about the amount of £30, and jewels and plate of considerable value, with which they decamped.

The servants had been confined for several hours in the vault, when one of them after much exertion released one of her hands from the cord and forced her way through the door of the vault. After ascending the steps she found another door fastened, and she had to break through that before she could procure a light and a knife. She then set the other woman free, and they proceeded to release the poor old lady and gentleman, whom they found in the most deplorable state of agitation.

They then aroused the neighbours, and Mr. Warrington found that not only was his portable property carried off, but the burglar had stolen a horse from the stable value 80 guineas, and taken his phaeton from the chaise house, and by these means had carried off their booty. Information was given to the Chief Constable of Kingston, who was with great trouble able to trace the phaeton and horse and two of the robbers from the house of Mr. Warrington, by a very circuitous route, to Walton Bridge, and from thence through several by-roads to Knightsbridge.

It was not until July, 1829, that a man, sentenced to transportation for life, obtained a free pardon by denouncing one Banks, the leader of the gang, who was hanged accordingly at Horseferry Lane jail.

Now, what did all this come to? Did the clerical gentleman buy a better pistol, and did the robbers do ditto, and was it an example to the neighbours and a warning to them to keep their powder dry?

(Next week—well, keep your papers open.)

ALEXANDRY IS LUV AFARES.
(Copywrite.)

Interduktory.
doubt thou the stars ar fier;
doubt that the sun duff moov;
doubt trooth to be a lire;
but never doubt I luv.

(To begin nex week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Under any circumstances You must do so, A. H. BLAKE. Better let alone, A SCOTSMAN; They are doubtless "on the make." Not for years, though, YANKEE READER. Sorry, CHICK, we cannot tell. Thanks for kind inquiry, TODDLES; He's alive and doing well. Very glad you like it, READER; It's improved it much, we think. Don't you know that Hengler's, DONALD, Now's a real ice skating rink?

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

New Servant (from County Cork, bedad). If yer plaze, marm, yer tould me to put out the gas afore Oi went to bed, but by this an' by that it's stuck so har-r-r-d that Oi can't git it arf.

Mistress. Get what off, Bridget?
Bridget. Whoy, that red tin box, begorra, that houlds the gas, and that's fixed on the wall in the coal-cellar.

Hardup (bitterly). By Jove! it is too true—the biggest fools have the most luck.

Young Softed De Bullion. Not always, old man. You, for instance, have been most unfortunate.

"In youth's bright lexicon,
There's no such word as FAIL!"
Ben Isaacs chanced upon
These lines, and straight grew pale.
Loud shrieked he to his wife:
"Purn, Rachel, purn this book!
Our son vos shpolt for life
If on these vurts he look!"

Mrs. Naggerly. Me trying to bully you; well, I like that. Why, before we were married you told me I had hardly any tongue at all.

Long Suffering Husband. Yes, my dear, but it's very long since.

Wiggs. I say, old man, what a lovely young widow that is.
Waggs. H'm, yes; she's certainly not a miss, is she?

Mr. Sidesman. Ah, but you really should come to our church. You never heard such a moving sermon as the vicar preaches.

Broadley. Oh, I've heard about 'em. Moves half the congregation out of the church before it's over very often.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 615.—The "Aladdin" Costume.



THE "NEW" NOVEL.

"Have you read my last book, Mr. Goodchild?" "Well, no—er—to tell you the truth my mother won't allow me to."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.



(1) Time was when the workman, if he had a favour to ask, used to approach his master with some diffidence, and be modestly grateful if the same was granted.



(2) But now it is the master who humbly beseeches the workman to allow him at least some little voice in arranging the fashion in which he shall proceed to apply for parish relief.

Sloperian Musings, Vol. 6, p. 92.

Jones. Poor Brown is in a bad way, I'm afraid.
Smith. Yes, I fear so. Stomachic, isn't it?
Jones. What do you mean?
Smith. Why, when I saw him last night, he told me he was trying to drown his trouble, and from the way he went about it, I thought it must have been situated there.

First Medical Student. What sort of lecturer is Dr. Calomel?
Second Medical Student. Very good, indeed. He generally gives us a sort of résumé of his practice during the previous week.
First Medical Student. Oh, I see, he preaches what he practices.

"If Juno, the Queen of Heaven, now returned to earth in the flesh, would she adopt corsets, puffed sleeves, and narrow-toed boots, or would the women all hasten to follow her fashion, which, by-the-bye, would scarcely be suitable for easterly winds and snowstorms? We pause for a reply."—Extract from SLOPER'S "Problems."

Moderate Drinker. But, my dear sir, look at me! I'm sixty years of age, and have indulged in alcohol all my life.
Temperance Advocate (triumphantly). Just so, and you would have been seventy if you hadn't.

My son who "hops the wag" from school
Is well imbued with valour.
He'd meet a ghost with calmness cool,
And show no trace of pallor.
Through churchyard paths, as midnight nears,
He'll pass, as bold as Hector:
Yet one grim spectre sore he fears,
And that's—the School Board 'Spector!

Farmer John. Sakes alive! what are you two quarrelling about now?

Phoebe. Why, Cousin Charles called me a Hebe.
Farmer John. If them's college manners, I don't think much of 'em. And what did you say?

Phoebe. I said, "you're another," and then he laughed at me.

Blabbs. I think of joining the Order of Bald Faced Stags. They meet once a week, you know, and have a convivial evening.

Dobbs. I expect you'll be disappointed, and find it deadly dull.

Blabbs. What makes you think so?
Dobbs. Why, I know two or three fellows who belong to the Society, and I've never heard their wives say a single word against it, and that speaks for itself, doesn't it?

Bashful Young Lady. Oh, I'm afraid I can't sing to-night. I—er—I've got such a dreadful sore throat.

The Comic Man. All the better, my dear madam.

Bashful Young Lady. Sir!

The Comic Man. All good singers must have soar throats, you know.

[And really, it is astonishing that nobody had the courage to kick him.]

Traveller. Can I sleep here to-night?
Cautious Innkeeper. I won't guarantee that, but I can let you have a bed.

Jones. What was this second sight that the Highlanders used to be supposed to possess?

McNab. Eh, mon; but it was a power to see funerals, marriages, fights, and a sort of highly interesting proceedings, when there wasna' a soul within scores of miles of him.

Jones. By Jove! what lovely whisky they must have drank in those days.

THE judge was reading Shakespeare's "Tempest" out, when angrily his wife began to pout.

"I'm sure you're skipping lots of lines!" she cried.

"Ah, yes!" the judge remorsefully replied.

"I've been for many a long and weary year

So used to passing sentences, my dear

(The force of habit you'll of course allow)

That really, love, I cannot help it now!"

Saturday Evening.

Snicker. Oh, by-the-by, what are you going to do to-morrow?—going to church?

Snicker. No-o-o, I think not. To tell you the truth, I never can sleep in a strange place.

First Onlooker (as big crowd gathered around street music, and suddenly disperses). Well, that's sharp work; what's up, policeman appeared on the scene?

Second ditto. Why, no; can't you see the man's coming round with the hat?

Tom. How is it, old chap, that you and Mrs. Goodsort don't make a match of it? You seem to have the greatest regard for each other.

Dick. Why, can't you see, my dear boy, that's just the very reason.

A FRIEND of Aunt Geezer's is so strictly moral in every particular, that she has got rid of her Broadwood grand, because it wasn't an upright piano.

Swellington. I am surprised at you, Quiverful! The idea of lowering yourself to sending your infant to a common baby show.

Quiverful. Well, yes, I suppose it was rather *infra dig.*, but just think of the lovely rest I had while he was out of the house.

A FUNNY COAT.

BAXTER STREET, New York, is the Houndsditch of America. It is full of sloop-shops, second-hand clothes stores—all kept by gentlemen of pronounced Hebrew persuasion. Houndsditch in London is the Mecca of the actor in search of a wardrobe. Baxter Street is the happy hunting ground of the American comedian.

George Golden, a Yankee actor of repute, who was lately visiting this country, went one day down Baxter Street to buy a coat to suit a character that he was about to play. He entered the shop of Mr. Isaacstein, a purveyor of clothing, well known to the profession.

"Vat! Mr. Golding! I am pleased to see you—very pleased to see you. I know vat you vant. You vant a suit o' clothes. No, not a suit! Only a coat? Very vell, I know I can suit you in vunce. All the actors come here when they vant anything good. Vat sort of coat did you vant?"

Golden explained his needs.

"I want a funny coat," he said.

That was sufficient. "Don't say any more; I know vat you vant—a funny coat. I've got the exact thing here somewhere. Dear me, vere could I have put that funny coat? You vat till you see it. B-sh! not a word—not a word."

He began prancing up and down in front of his piled-up shelves. Suddenly he seemed to locate the desired garment. As he stood opposite the shelf he sniggered. He looked again, clasped his sides, and doubled over in a fit of laughter. Reducing his hilarity to a mere snigger, he, by fits and starts, recovered himself a little, and drew down from the shelf an ordinary morning coat. He looked at it and laughed loudly. He sat on a chair, kicked his heels on the floor, and went red in the face. He got up, held the coat away from himself at arm's length towards Golden, kept his head turned away from the garment, and cried, in the midst of peals of laughter, "There, there's the funniest coat I ever saw! Take it away for a dollar, or I shall die of laughing."

Golden bought the coat. He thought genius deserved recognition.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.



MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL.



He. Dismal fellow, that author of *Filby*. Given him hundreds of new ideas for plots, yet he never uses them.

She. Perhaps that accounts for his popularity.



NOT TO BE MISS'D.

Gushing Damsel, past her prime (log.). Ha! At last it is Leap Year. The privilege is mine to propose, and with a little word become Mrs. Brown. Another chance will not arise for long, long years, so here goes.



"My dressmaker has just sent in her bill, dear. I think it is one of the most effectual hair curlers I have known."—From Ruby's letter to Ella.



"I know he proposed to the Strong Woman, and said that if she wouldn't have him he would carry her off by force. He was not doing so when I saw him last."—Extract from a letter of the Hon. Bertie to a friend.

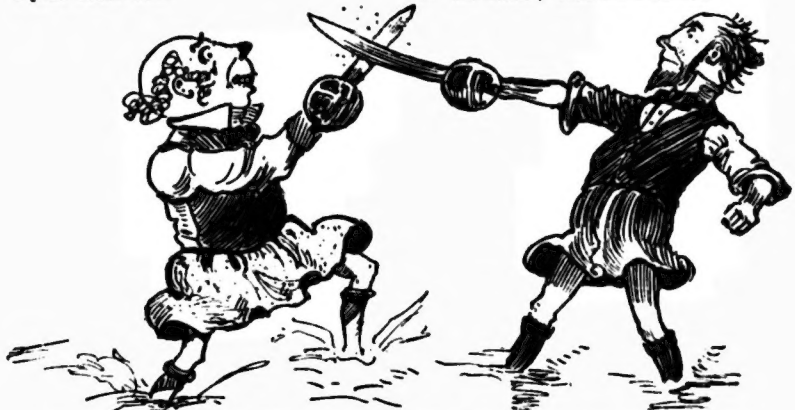
MORE TROUBLE.



(1) The Laird had said, "Concealation wi' McNab is all verra well, but life is but a poor blank noo."



(2) "There's tae be nae fightin' in Germany," quoth the Elder, "and I'm friendly wi' the Laird; what am I tae doe?"



(3) "Ha, ha!" McNab said, "noo, Laird, let's have a cut or two for friendship."



(4) "Hang butterknives!" roared the Laird; "let's hev' it out wi' guid old Scotch fists."



(5) And the Elder replied, "Laird, Laird, ye're knocked blind I know, Laddie; but I'm beginnin' to think ye like fightin', ye little heathen."



PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Smiler (issuing suddenly from Growler's front door). Though you may upset my equilibrium, Mr. Growler, you cannot disturb my equanimity.



A MODERN CANNIBAL.

"You do look well; it's a lick to me what you live on." "Oh! there's no secret about it, my boy; I've been living on my aunt for the last twelve months."



OF KOSHER 'TIS SO.

"Do you know it is a recognised fact that Jewish girls are the sweetest things in creation?" "I never heard it before." "Really; well, you can't help acknowledging that they are Mo-lasses, and what can be sweeter!"



QUITE DIFFERENT.

Binks. Your newly-married friend cut you dead in the Strand to-day. I believe it was because you threw some rice at him for luck on the wedding day. Figgins. Yes; but in the hurry of things, I hadn't time to notice that the rice was in pudding form.

VITA BREVIS.



The Japaz Society



Hurst Park Hubblers.



Let's screw his neck!



King Carnival at Covent Garden



Satisfied.



The Bobby Biki.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Step this way, please, ladies and gentlemen: all is in readiness, and we do but await your pleasure to begin. All comfortably seated? That's right, then; we'll make a start at once.—The recent meeting was, they say, A great success in every way:—This sort of thing is not, I own, To Hurst Park course confined alone:—John Bull and Uncle Sam are both To settle Turkey little loath:—Yes, well may Art and Nation mourn: Alas! our greatest painter's gone:—Behold a

Covent Garden bal, Where dwells the sprite of carnival:—The Belfast strike at last is o'er, The men resume their work once more:—The Chester bobbies soon will be, A corps of bicyclists, I see.—There is a gloom over my show to-day, friends, Death, since I saw you last, has been busy among our men of eminence. Battenberg, Leighton, and Barnby, have fallen before the grim reaper. Sincerely do I mourn their loss.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS ALICE BROOKES.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 429.—Miss AGNES LOVELL.

"A very queen of beauty, she." —The Dook Snook.
"Be mine, fair maid, and claim a life's devotion."
—Lord Bob.
"For thou should'st share the crown itself with me."
—The Hon. Billy.

SCENE: THE PORT OF HULL, in HORACE LENNARD'S *Charming Pantomime at the Lyceum*. Enter A. SLOPER. MR. OSCAR BARRITT sternly points his baton "off," but THE EMINENT, in the words of the song, "Doesn't appear to notice it. Oh! dear, no!"—A. SLOPER. From here young Crusoe sails, I'm told, to-day; By pressing gang forced. But, ha! who comes this way?—Enter CAPTAIN TRUMAN (MISS SUSIE VAUGHAN) and WILL ATKINS (MR. FRED EMNEY).—CAPTAIN T. The King wants sailors (points to A. SLOPER).—WILL A. Not much use, I vow. His nose will make a port-light, anyhow. (Struggle between A. SLOPER and WILL ATKINS. The former escapes and rushes into public-house).—SCENE: BAR PARLOUR OF THE GOLDEN ANCHOR. Enter A. SLOPER cautiously from cellar.—A. S. Thus far to seize me have the villains failed! (Sees the Landlord's daughter, POLLY HOPKINS—MISS GRACE LANE). My dear, I Crusoe seek.—POLLY. Alas! he's sailed.—A. S. And I am sold!—POLLY. They pressed him! Would that they had

pressed me too. (Weeps).—A. S. Let me the pressgang play. (Attempts to embrace her. She seizes a pewter flagon and is about to brain him. Exit A. SLOPER hurriedly).—SCENE: THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ. Enter A. SLOPER and KING HULLABALOO (MR. FRED STOREY) from opposite sides.—A. S. Hast seen Robinson Crusoe?—KING. Ha! off your head I'll knock: too tough for eating, though. You'll do for stock. (Exit A. SLOPER, hurriedly. Runs against MRS. CRUSOE—MR. VICTOR STEVENS).—A. S. Hast seen Robinson Crusoe?—MRS. C. I'm his mother, ducky. Come hither, love! (A. SLOPER escapes up palm tree. She tries to follow, but fails).—A. S. She can't climb! Now, that's lucky! (Is eventually discovered by FRIDAY—MR. CHARLES LAURI—who drags him down and takes him before ROBINSON CRUSOE—MISS ALICE BROOKES).—A. S. At last then I have found you, Robinson? (Produces note-book.) ROBINSON CRUSOE. Too late! the Transformation's now begun! (General movement of scenery, in which A. SLOPER is enveloped.)

ALLY-CAMPANE.



whom it could rely in the event of invasion.

IT was not until we had gone to press with our last week's number that official information of the news of Prince Henry of Battenberg's death reached the papers. There are few whose sympathies will not go out to the bereaved, or feel that there is something specially sad and tragic in the circumstances. Poor Battenberg is described by all who really knew him as of a kindly, amiable disposition, a real good fellow and a true sportsman: qualities which endear the possessor to the heart of anyone, and the Court will not be alone in sincerely mourning his sad and untimely loss.

THE Hypnotic Trance business seems to be very popular at the Aquarium, where a subject was put to by-bye some time ago, and up to the time of going to press is still delightfully unconscious, and will not be awakened until thirty days have elapsed. It is quite untrue, by the way, that A. SLOPER will be the next subject. The Eminent has been unconscious from various causes for considerable periods, but he draws the line at hypnotism and thirty days.

THE Dook Snook took his latest mash to the Empire the other night to see the new ballet divertissement, *La Danse*, and both the lady and His Grace went into raptures over its beauties, and Snooky knows a thing or two about ballets by this time. The whole thing is awfully well done, he tells us, very novel and beautiful; and his fair companion was hugely delighted with the lovely dresses, and the effective and harmonious colour-blending. *La Danse* is likely to be a fixture in the Empire bills for some considerable time.

THE Mildewed Mummer has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon CHARLES J. DAVIES, because he's done such a lot for the "R. G. T. F." "At last, further," burst forth the Cerulean-Orbel, "at last you've repaired a cryin' hevil. As the secretary of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, Charles works like a nigger, and is known and esteemed hall through the perfection, yet you've overlooked 'im hall these years. Oh, my parient, my parient—" But here Alexandry's outburst of sorrow was abruptly cut short, and a few minutes later he had really got something to moan about.

MR. EDGAR BATEMAN, the song writer, writes to the F.O.M. to say that his new song, "Blowed if 'e can call 'isself 'is own," has been published as, "It's a Great Big Shame!" A. SLOPER makes the announcement readily. From experience, when Mrs. S. is on board, with the copper-stick in working order, he's blowed if 'e can call 'isself 'is own, either.

A *Dark Secret* has concluded a highly successful run at the Princess's, and an interesting revival of *The Colleen Bawn* has taken its place. Dion Boucicault's famous Irish drama is one with which many of the younger generation of playgoers are unfamiliar, and the present opportunity should certainly be embraced.

A CHILD reciter, aged nine, will, it is said, be among the lions of the coming season. We must brace ourselves up to bear it with fortitude and resignation.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S return to the Metropolis from which he has been so long absent is in itself a matter for rejoicing on the part of the numerous play-going admirers of this clever and popular actor; that he should mark his advent among us again, by so signal a success as that achieved by *The Sign of the Cross*, is a matter for still further congratulation. Exception is, we know, widely taken to plays of a Scriptural or religious tendency, but, unlike Mr. Jones's ambitious work, the curiously short-lived *Michael and His Lost Angel*, the play at the Lyric is one of pure, beautiful, exalted motive, and with its treatment, both at the hands of author and interpreters, few faults could be found. Judged as a merely financial success it comes out at the top of the poll, the demand for seats being much in excess of that for any other theatrical production.



and interpreters, few faults could be found. Judged as a merely financial success it comes out at the top of the poll, the demand for seats being much in excess of that for any other theatrical production.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 15TH, 1896.

9th February, 1535-6.—Rizzio was this day murdered in Holyrood Palace. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: "At a dance at Kirtton-in-Lindsey, sixty years ago, a young lady broke a blood-vessel and expired in the room. The marks of her blood are still to be seen."

10th February, 1840.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria was married this day.

11th February, 1849.—White Conduit House and ten garden were this day demolished. It had long been a vulgar resort. Such places in London have ceased to exist.

12th February, 1841.—Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent surgeon, died this day. He was a great patron of the Resurrectionists—the violators of graves who sold the corpses to doctors. After a while, however, they, to save trouble and risk, murdered people and sold them. Burke and others were hanged for this.

13th February, 1866.—A Cholera Conference was this day opened at Constantinople.

14th February, 1858.—Charles Mathews was this day married to Mrs. Lizzie Devonport, at New York.

15th February, 1838.—The *Lady of Lyons* was first produced this day at Covent Garden, under the management of Macready.

TRIVIAL TOUCHES.

No. 7.—TOUCHING COMIC JOURNALISM.

WHEN Fortune, for a year or twain,
Had been of Plimston's prayers a sligher,
"I know," said Plimston, "I can gain
A living as a comic writer."
He sought a humorous journal out,
And told the editorial creature
That writing jokes, beyond a doubt,
Was his most strong and salient feature.
The editor an ear did lend,
And said, "Pray tell me, since so clever,
If any Trilby jests you've penned!"
The would-be jokist cried, "No, never!"
Then howled the editor, in rage:
"You're by some mad dog surely bitten,
That thus of humorous skill you prate,
When ne'er a Trilby joke you've written!"

With somersaults reluctant turned,
Our hero down the stairs did caper;
But, thinking he had wisdom learned,
He sought a second comic paper.
And, when again the question came,
"Hast written Trilby jokes, my friend?"
He answered, "I may proudly claim
That several hundreds I have penned!"
Then rose the editorial hoof,
Then took our hero's joints to cracking:
"Get out! get out! your words are proof
That you've a brain entirely lacking
Originality!" And, though
He finds Dame Fortune still a sligher,
Our friend no more will try, we trow,
To tempt her as a comic writer!

A HAPPY INSPIRATION.

"Yes, my dear boy," remarked the disgracefully oozy solicitor to his prospective son-in-law, as he drained a second glassful of priceless '47, and applied a match to his choice Havannah; "yes, my dear boy, wealthy as I am now, there was a time when downright starvation stared me in the face."

"Indeed, sir?"
"Yes, indeed; it seems hard to realize amid all these, shall I say—affluent surroundings, that I lived for one whole week upon fourpence and a pair of kippers, but it is a solemn fact, I do assure you."

The young fellow said nothing, but he thought of the fair and beauteous girl waiting for him in the drawing-room upstairs, and he prayed devoutly that the old gentleman wasn't going to yaru for ever over the wine.

"Yes, Cecil," continued the elder man, after a pause, "fourpence and a pair of kippers—just think of it! I didn't give much for the practice, it's true; in fact, it wasn't worth it, for what clients the man I bought it of ever possessed, followed his example, and moved out of the neighbourhood as soon as I entered it. It was a stupid, sleepy, one-horse sort of town, and the inhabitants jogged along in the most comfortable manner possible, and appeared to be utterly oblivious of the fact that there was a smart, struggling young lawyer, dying to assist them upon any conceivable point of law. No, they were not taking any, my lad; they seemed quite happy without it. There were no libel cases; no actions for trespass or damages; no footpath disputes; no assault and battery cases, not a man among 'em even evinced a desire to make a will."

"Well," said the listener, anxious to get it cut short.
"Well, I was in despair—at my last gasp, so to speak—until all at once a bright, a brilliant idea struck me, just as I was on the point of pawning my waistcoat, and making a bolt of it. I raised a few shillings and went up to London, and saw a friend of mine who had just qualified, and was looking out for a practice, got him to come down and set up in opposition to me, and in six months, sir, we had set half the town by the ears, and in twelve we were growing prosperous, and fighting cases against each other, tooth and nail. It made us both, Cecil—it made us both; and on the money we thus acquired, we rose to the future which—er—well, yes, perhaps it is time to join the ladies."

COERCIVE MEASURES.



Missus McGrath. An' phwat's thot yer kerryin' home so keerfully, Pat?

Pat. Shure, it's just sixpenn'orth o' cordite Oi've borrowed, t' explode th' porous plaister off me chest with.

QUERY?



Young Ruffian (to gentleman whose hair is on the slump). Hi! governor, did you buy that halo, or did you prig it out of a stained glass window?

"A PICTURE FOR YOU."

JEALOUS! Well, that was a very mild way of putting it where the disposition of the Earl of Houndsditch was concerned. In the green-eyed monster business his lordship could have given the Moor of Venice a couple of stone and an easy licking.

The Countess was naturally the chief sufferer. But little more than half the age of her husband, lovely, talented and accomplished, she was the reigning belle in the exalted set in which she moved. Even the women liked her; the men thought her a darling.

But she had to be careful, poor thing! The Earl would have misconstrued the most innocent flirtation; his mad, unreasoning jealousy would have flared up at the slightest excuse. The Divorce Court is fashionable but expensive, and so many inconvenient questions are asked by those rude counsel chaps that, as the poet sings, "It makes you careful, doesn't it?"

But for some time past the Earl had had his suspicions. This was not an uncommon occurrence with his lordship; he had been attacked in this way before, but he'd got an extra bad dose this time.

There was a something about the Countess lately that he didn't quite like—a constrained, uneasy, shifty sort of air that suggested to her lord the idea that there was something wrong somewhere. But he said nothing this time. He told himself that he had spoiled the game or previous occasions by giving the alarm too soon. Now he would lie low and await developments, and lie low he accordingly did.

But he had formed his plans. One evening he carelessly announced his intention of dining at the club, and speaking afterwards at a meeting in the suburbs in favour of "Capital Punishment for Correspondents." But this was only his kid. Just after eight, he let himself in quietly with his latchkey, walked into the library, and rang for the butler.

"Where's your mistress, Simpkins?" he demanded.
The man turned pale and commenced to stammer.
"Speak, rascal!" thundered the enraged nobleman. "Speak, or I'll choke the very life out of you!"

The wretched menial squirmed before his master's wrath; his tongue refused its office; but with a trembling hand he indicated the direction of the drawing-room.

In a few tiger-like bounds the Earl was at the door. *It was locked!* His wife's voice, raised in a cry of alarm, fell on his ears as he tried the handle. That decided him. Raising his foot, he put in a powerful "free kick" upon the lock, another, and another, and the door flew open with a crash.

Modesty, gentle reader, prompts us to lower a figurative act-drop over the climax; but, in fairness to her ladyship, we are compelled to quote the following from the little explanation which ensued.

"Only fancy," said the Countess, "your bursting in upon us all like that. Where the poor girls managed to hide themselves, I don't know; but the screens, the piano and the cosy corner came in very useful. They all declare they'll hardly dare to look you in the face again."

The Earl laughed; the relief had restored his good humour.
"Oh, nonsense!" he said; "you busted me out far too quickly. But the next time you're thinking of rehearsing *tableaux vivants* in the drawing-room, you'd better let me know, my dear, and—er—when is the performance to come off?"

THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN.

HE had seen her in a common penny omnibus, and his eyes and hers had met and (he thought, at any rate) had flashed in mutual love. Before he could think of anything brilliant to say to her she had stopped the 'bus and got out. But he followed. Now, then, what could it be? "Pardon me, haven't we met before?" was too chestnutty. Before he could invent a happy phrase of introduction she'd entered a baker's shop—a high-class baker's shop, certainly—and disappeared into the cosy parlour behind the counter. Evidently she was a baker's daughter.

The love-stricken swain looked up over the shop door for the name. It was "Blumerhausenheimer." How romantic! He had become enslaved by the lovely blonde charms of a golden-haired *wadchen!* He walked a little way off, went into a small stationery shop, where a card exhibited in the window intimated that letters might be "addressed here," and purchased a sheet of notepaper and a highly-glazed envelope with an insufficiency of gum on the flap. And this is what he wrote:

"TO THE UNKNOWN BEAUTY.—Will the unknown beauty whose eyes met those of a gentleman riding in same omnibus from Tottenham Court Road to the Britannia Tavern meet him to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon outside Chalk Farm station at three? That my darling may make no mistake I will wear light grey trousers and dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a cigar, and in my left a copy of the *Referee*.
"LEANDER."

P.S.—Please to reply to-night to 'Leander, c/o Squabbins's newspaper shop lower down the street.'

It was with a palpitating heart that very early on Sunday morning he was round at Squabbins's shop to see if there was a reply to his note. There *was!!!* Impatiently he tore it open and read:

"Not mein laughter but I vill meets you at Chalk Farm at to-morrow. So dot ve makes no mistookens I vill be dressed in mein shirtsleeves mit der cuffs turn up. I vill wear in mein right hand a club and in mein left a seex shoot refoffer-bistol, and you vill recognises me by de vay I fuirst shlogs you on de head tree times mit de club and den shoots you seex times mit de refoffer-bistols. Be shure und wait for me. I moot see you imboriant and pertickler.
"OTTO BLUMERHAUSENHEIMER."

But, somehow "Leander" never turned up.

SNATCHER'S PALS.



No. 6.—MUFFINS.

Why Muffins should answer to the name of Muffins, has always remained a mystery amongst the other dogs of Battersea. One suggested that he was called thus on the same principle as the genteel residences in the neighbourhood are named; because he was not a bit like that tea-table delicacy. Holly Lodge, for instance; the only holly there, being at Christmas time, and bought by the bunch; Fairlawn, which had but a back yard, and the only fair lawn to be seen, was on washing days in the said yard on the line; Windermere Villa, the only water, of any quantity, it could boast of, being in the cistern, and so on. Snatcher said the shortest way was to ask Muffins himself, and he volunteered to do so. "Why do you want to know," enquired Muffins; "is it impertinent inquisitiveness, or a thirst for knowledge?" "Thirst," replied Snatcher. "Ah!" remarked Muffins, as he turned on his heel. "It's my belief," said Snatcher, afterwards, "he don't bally well know himself." "That's it, you bet," said the other dogs.

(To be continued.)

GRACEFUL, WASN'T IT?

It was a neat compliment that an American paid Sir Henry Irving recently. Our greatest actor boarded a street car, but on poking in found it already contained its full complement of passengers. Recognising the illustrious new comer, a gentleman rose and graciously offered his place with the remark: "You see, Sir Henry, there are no seats to be got wherever you go."

OVERHEARD IN BOND STREET.



"I don't think you'd know Phil, now." "Why, has he so much altered?" "No, but he's lost all his money, poor chap."

ALAS! POOR PENHECKER.

Mrs. Penhecker. Ah, Mr. P., I don't know what would have become of you if I had not married you. You do not appreciate the sacrifice which I made when I did so. Remember that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.
Mr. Penhecker. Yes, a crown of thorns sometimes.
[And now she will have to buy a new copper-stick for next washing-day.]

MOLLIFICATION BY MUSIC.

[Mr. Asquith recently proposed that music should in future be turned on in the House of Commons for the purpose of soothing the members during an exciting debate.]



"MUSIC hath charms to soothe the Savage Breast,"
Said Mr. Congreve's play (and not his best);
And now 'twould seem from journals that we see,
Asquith opines 'twould soothe the Wild M.P.
It were indeed a blessing and a boon
To see Mad Members mollified by "toon."
Therefore we trust that Asquith's little plan
Will be turned on to soothe Political Man.
O Music! Heavenly Maid!
Pray do not be afraid
Of Mad M.P.'s,
But soothe them, please—
With airs make their "airs" fade!

Mayhap, to soothe the irate Scotch Members' ways,
A useful lay might be "Ye Banks and Brays";
While for Hibernal howls at English rule
Why, "Love's Young Dream" might help their rage to cool.
And Welsh M.P.'s might show more dulcet tones
With a Lloyd-like ditty, "I asked Jenny Jones";
While for late sittings, 'twould suit all to play
"We Won't go Home till Morning! Hip Hooray!"
O Music! Heavenly Maid! etc.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

UNION ARMS, DEANE ROAD, BOLTON.

January 26th, 1896.

GOOD OLD ALLY,—I received the "Award" on Tuesday, and am highly pleased with it. I send you my best thanks, but no money. I see the reason is "because I can rattle my bones." If I were in your office, I should rattle your bones with an old gin bottle. I could give you lessons in bone playing, but your red nose would shine through the burnt cork when you were on the stage. I have placed the "Award" in my parlour, and it has attracted the attention of all our customers. I shall never part with it, even if Iky Moses did his best to sneak it. All the boys send their best respects, and hope the heat of your nose will keep the cold from your body. Hoping you are free from the "bums," and all other ills, yours sincerely,
WILL TOOTELL, F.O.S.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, SUNDERLAND.

January 28th, 1896.

DEAR FRIEND SLOPER,—I have indeed at last reached the goal of my ambition—viz., the possession of your world-famous "Award of Merit," for which many thanks. I shall treasure it always, and in order that it may retain its beautiful freshness, I shall have it stuffed, or preserved in spirits ("Unsweetened" preferred). Best wishes, yours truly,
MADAM MARIE MEDORA, F.O.S.
(SLOPER'S Lady Shadowist.)

THE DIARY OF A FLAT.
IS BROUGHT TO A CONCLUSION.

"WENT away in a cab half-an-hour ago?" repeated my aunt, in a voice of astonishment, staring first at me and then back again at Rebecca. "Oh! nonsense; you must be mistaken."
"Oh! but I'm not, ma'am," said the woman, firmly; "I was cleaning the bedroom windows, and I saw Miss Fairleigh go out with her things on and get into a hansom that was driving past."
"That will do, Rebecca," said my aunt, "you may go. Septimus," she continued, turning to me as her maid retired, "you mark my words now, we have seen the last of Blanche; the shameless girl has gone back home."

My aunt was right. Before we had well decided what course was best to pursue under the distressing circumstances, the knock of the telegraph boy sounded at the door, and Rebecca appeared with the familiar buff-coloured envelope, addressed to Aunt Kesiah. She tore it open, glared rapidly at its contents, and tossed it angrily towards me. "What did I tell you?" she said. "The wicked girl has fled from my righteous wrath. Well, indeed, may she fear to face me after her base and disgraceful deception."
I picked up the fateful missive with a groan. It had been dispatched from the railway station, and was worded as follows: "Going home by train just starting. Will send for luggage. Letter follows.—BLANCHE FAIRLEIGH."

A letter did follow, dear Diary, and a thoroughly discreditible epistle it was, fully in keeping with the unladylike frivolity of Blanche's character, and the absolute lack of gratitude with which she seems to have regarded our efforts to show her the true path to happiness. I will not sully your few remaining pages, dear Diary, by recording the cruel, the wicked and unjust things she said of me. You, who have been the trusty confidant of my every thought, know full well how unfounded are her base accusations.

An extremely heated correspondence ensued between my aunt and Blanche's guardian, whose ears, as my relative afterwards feelingly remarked, must have been poisoned against us by the tongue of the viper we had cherished in our bosoms. Blanche's guardian unjustly took her ward's part, despite everything we could say; she "refused to hear one word of disparagement of her darling girl," she wrote, and nothing remained, as my aunt wisely concluded, but to sever the connection for ever.

I don't think my aunt will ever quite forgive me for having fallen a victim to the wiles of the beautiful tempter; she reminds me of my folly almost daily, but her will, I am thankful to say, is still in my favour.

And I deserve some consolation. Yesterday, just six months after Blanche's abrupt departure, I came across the following marriage announcement in the *Telegraph*, with which I cannot do better, dear Diary, than fill the brief remaining space in your final page:

"WILKINSON—FAIRLEIGH.—On the 21st inst., at St. Peter's, Fairwood, Sussex, Charles J. Wilkinson, Esq., to Blanche, only daughter of the late Colonel Sydney Fairleigh, C.B."

THE END.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

HOT is the breath, hot is the brain,
Of the suffering man on his sick-bed lain;
Hot is his throat, and parched, and dry,
And the fever is fierce in his fiery eye.
Hot are his pulse, and his pulsing palm,
And his pain seems proof against earthly balm.
But his wife is beside him, tender and true—
His wife, with a labour of love to do.

Strong is the patient, and stout of build,
And the medical man in his art is skilled.
But the doctor's lore and the stalwart frame,
Apart or conjointly, would fail to claim
The prey from the clutch of the death-god there,
Were it not for the gentle, untiring care
Of the sufferer's helpmeet, tender and true—
His wife, with a labour of love to do!

Forth from his pulses the hot blood goes,
Pure through his pulses the cool blood flows.
And he prays that, away through the coming years,
As he walks with his wife through the vale of tears,
He may never forget, when to rage impelled,
How from Azrael's hand he was caught and held
By the wife of his bosom, tender and true—
His wife, with a labour of love to do!

HE NEVER REFUSES NOW.

Johnnie (just returned from children's party). Boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo.
Mamma. What is the matter, Johnnie? Haven't you enjoyed yourself?
Johnnie. Boo-hoo! I had some ice-puddin', and—boo-hoo-hoo—she asked me if I'd have some more, and I said "No, thank you," as you told me, but she didn't ask me again, and I couldn't get no more. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"STRIKING an hatty-dude!" as the harrikin said, when he "bonneted" the masher with the tall topper.
"How are the mighty fallen!" as the grocer moaned, after a reduction in the price of cheese.
VANITY FARE: Swallowing the words of a flatterer.
HAVING substituted electricity for gas, Mrs. Malaprop calls her villa the *Edylstone-light House*.
THE Widow's (S)mite: Smiting the hearts of her admirers.
RUSSIANS may swim in the river Neva *ad libitum*: to swim in Ge-neva is good enough for A. SLOPER.

BIRDS SLOPER'S CAUGHT AND KEPT.

"WHERE'S THE SALT, FEYTHUR?"—ALEC.



No. 4.—THE PEACOCK.

"Though superstition hangs around,
The peacock's feathers I have found,
Such bliss, this heart had never known,
Before I claimed thee for my own."
—A SLOPER, Poet Laureate, etc.

A GRAVE ELOPEMENT.

GEORGE SMITHSON was a gay youth. He could kiss a pretty girl under the rose, or under the nose, or behind the kitchen jack-towel if there was no other pitch specially handy. George, when he was down in the country with his father's people, used to go and play "shell-out" at the Blue Lion. The Blue Lioner himself was a decent fellow enough. He said to George:

"That Rose in the bar is a good little bit of goods, don't you get playing any hanky, but act on the square. I don't want you to do her any harm, and I'm sure that your highly-to-be-respected pa don't want you to marry her, so reel in a bit, my boy."

George said he didn't mean any hanky-janky at all, and that she was really a most decidedly nice bit of extra little goods.

Said the Blue Lion: "And when you peg 'two for his heels' at crib it isn't necessary to put your foot on her toes, besides you're



always sitting up after closing time. The Council coves here are Salvationists, and would be only too glad to run me in and you too, my laddie. There's that cousin of yours who would be only too glad to cut you out with the old man."

But George Smithson was not a cautious youth. He said to Rose, the little barmaid: "I mean to marry you, and you'll be my little girl, won't you?"

And she said she wouldn't. Then, after the manner of all really nice, well-regulated girls, she came and sat on his lap and squeezed all the starch out of his collar. And George didn't mind it in the least.

"And I've got the licence ready in my pocket," he said, for he was a bold youth who took time extra much by the forelock.

But just then in rushed the Blue Lion. "Confound it," he said, "the police are on the watch, George, and know you're not staying for the night, and your blessed cousin is with 'em. I shall get my licence endorsed."

George thought for a moment. Then he said: "Rosa, will you go off with me to Bilbury to your aunt's, and we'll get married to-morrow?"

"It's ten miles away, and how on earth are we to get there?"

George seemed to reflect. "Old Jobkins is going to be buried to-morrow at Bilbury," he said, "and, Blue Lion, you keep the hearse in your stable for Johnson, the undertaker. That hearse is to set out to-morrow morning to fetch the mortal remains of Jobkins from Bilbury. Why can't it take us to Bilbury? If we get inside it we could slip through the police, my cousin and all. Buck up, Rosy, and show your pluck."

"Splendid idea," bawled the Blue Lion: he was only too glad to get rid of 'em. "Why, can't you have a bit of pigeon pie, a drop o' brown sherry, a child's night-light, and a couple of rugs? It'll be as snug as a first-class coupe."

Rose thought it a bit glum. But any well-regulated girl would go to be married in a Black Maria, let alone a hearse, rather than miss a chance.

When the hearse came out of the archway—there had been a rumour that the deceased Jobkins was inside it—the police took off their helmets in solemn silence. The pious cousin shed a sob and said aloud, "The poor dear man."

Joe, the ostler, who was driving, had to put his handkerchief to his face to hide his smiles. In the dark countryland the night-light shed a gleam through the crack of the door. Sally Smith, who saw it, thought it was a corpse-light, and fell into a fit into a ditch.

George and Rose live happily, though they did start married life queerly.





No. 415.—MR. T. C. EASTON, F.O.S.

"Though our hero has been for some years the happy possessor of our widely sought diploma, his overwhelming modesty has hitherto prevented him from giving us permission to place his portrait before the public. Even now that he has yielded to our entreaties, the value of that permission is seriously discounted by his point blank refusal to furnish us with the details of his career, and our readers must therefore content themselves with the meagre gleanings from other sources. In the swimming world the name of our hero is a foremost one, and the glory of his marvellous feat in the Seine in '87, hangs round him still. T. C. is well-known, too, in connection with swimming races and clubs, and his portrait will, we know, be welcomed by all with whom he has come in contact. Chiefly because he well deserved it, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him October 19th, 1889."—*Debrett Improved.*



The Playful Villagers, who, when you are riding a hired steed in the hope of putting your liver right, sling brickbats at you and tell you to "take it 'ome and fry it."



The lady gardeners have at last been admitted to employment in Kew Gardens. Donations of left off gentlemen's gloves will be gratefully received by the Lady Hon. Sec. (care of cloak room).

WHAT WILL MRS. SLOPER SAY?



SLOPER'S new slavey is ambitious, and wants to go on the stage. ALLY has promised to do what he can for her. She's a nice girl.

NO WONDER.



There was an old fellow named Brown,
Who put on his clothes upside down;
The passer-by stared,
And his daughters declared
It made him the talk of the town.

GIRLS BOB'S HAD TEA WITH.



In this case, Lord Bob dangled about a lot
before she asked him. He went like a shot,
and says he enjoyed the crumpets wonder
fully.

ART ON MONKEY ISLAND.



A criticism on Mr. Dibley Dabb's great historical work, by a "brother brush."

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ALLY HAD TRIED IT.



Mrs. Sloper. There are men in the pantry, I can hear them; get up, if you call yourself a man.
A. Sloper. All right, my dear, give 'em time to try a bottle of your home-made wine, and they'll never come again.